# THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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## Dreaming.

To trace the operations of the human mind, when uncontrolled by the power of habit or the rigor of discipline, its faculties employ, as the field of their exertion, the wide range of creation; to study the wonderful nature of its various and spontaneous changes, the rapidity and eccentricity of thought, and the unlimited stretch of imagination, has ever been the employment or amusement of the learned and curious.—Unlike any thing exhibited in the physical world, there is hovering around the powers and habits of the mind, a mystery, which no genius can penetrate. There, faculties, which defy description from the skill and scrutiny of metaphysical erudition itself, are brought to perform their various functions and even to act upon the corporeal powers, with an indescribable force. It may be, and often is, the good or bad state of bodily health, which, on the one hand, elevates the soul to what is delicate, sublime and ennobling, and under the influence of which, imagination pictures the retreat, where the songsters of the grove unite their melodious voices with the sound of the rippling brook, that from the mossy fountain, seeks in a meandering course, the limpid stream of some flower-decked valley; or the nocturnal walk of some fond pair, who have felt the unerring shafts of Cupid, while the summer leaf just flutters in the dying zephyr, and a second moon looks up from the surface of the chrystal lake; or seems as from some lofty mountain's giddy, misty crest, to survey the vast extent of territory beneath, where forests and plantations appear but the alleys, beds and plats of a garden and men dwindle into pigmies, while the faint roar of the distant ocean is heard, and the blue heavens sit upon its surface, as upon a watery wall; or while with the benevolence of Bunyan's tailor of the "Celestial Mountains," man seems to visit the haunts of poverty, the cabins of distress and the culprit's gloomy cell, that the disconsolate widow, the wretched and forsaken orphan, or the helpless son of misery and crime, may be made the recipients of his bounty; or which, on the other hand, spreads a gloomy veil over all that is beautiful in nature, and which, instead of turning the mind to imaginary abodes of perennial spring, leads it amidst the rustling fall of autumnal leaves, the chilling Borial blast, the hyemal storm, the filthy cabins of misery and distress, the deserted field of battle, where rapacious vultures prey upon the putrid dead, or lonely glen, where midnight witches bewilder the weary traveller and elfin sprites and ghostly apparitions torment the mind and fill it with all, that is appalling. Yet there are affections of the mind, over which the corporeal powers exercise no control, but whose effects, on the contrary, are powerfully manifest in the appearance and condition of the body.—Is it because the animal powers are obstructed in their various functions, that the eye of the gloomy and desponding victim of disappointed hopes, becomes sunk in sullen despair, or that the maniac casts a look unutterably wild on all, that to others appears replete with interest and attraction? There may be, and undoubtedly is, something deficient in the bodily structure, yet the blood pursues its wonted course, receives its accustomed refreshment from the atmosphere and aliment from the lacteal ducts and the whole system is in a state of ease and comfort. The mind may exert its strength with surprising effect, while pain is preying upon the body, or the frosts of age have blasted and withered the vigor of youth and the strength of manhood. Again there are affections of the mind, whose effects are witnessed in the corporeal system. Why totters that man, with a puerile imbecility and a bloodless countenance, who a short time ago walked fearlessly forth, with a consciousness of his strength and a confidence in his abilities? Or why does his comrade, who just before labored to support his languid morbid frame, as if endowed with the wings of Maia's son, outstrip the wind in his flight? Let him answer, whose blood has been curdled by some frightful appearance, or whose soul has melted at some unexpected calamity. Who has not seen the powerful effects of hatred, love, sudden joy, fear and anger, on the powers of the body, or marked the languishing state, produced by grief, or hopeless dejection?

Among the uncontrollable powers and habits of the mind, on which man looks with admiration and which he feels his utter inability to direct, none perhaps are considered with greater wonder, than those midnight musings, which are said to "proceed from the multitude of business." If it were possible for man to control his mind, he might do it, when in possession of his bodily powers, when reason holds dominion and judgment exercises its sway, but in that lonely silent hour, when "night, from her ebon

throne, stretches her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world," when the powers of the prostrate victim of oblivious sleep have vanished and he is entirely unconscious, whether he yet lingers in a fleshly tabernacle, or whether in some far off imaginary world, he has become a wandering spirit, all government over the mind must be lost and wherever it pursues its unmeasurable course, thither unchecked it flies. From this circumstance, the ignorant and superstitious have considered as ominous whatever could be recollected from their nightly reveries and many speculations have arisen with regard to interpretation of dreams. Nothing is more common among the ignorant, than the frequent relation of these ungovernable and unmeaning musings of the sleeper, while the family circle listens with deep anxiety to what the simple matron deems portentous of misfortune, sickness or death, or regards, with lively emotions of unfeigned joy, that, which promises prosperity. Were not man by nature the creature of superstion and the dupe of folly, we might wonder at the unshaken confidence, with which these idle tales are heard, as well as laugh at the construction, which is put upon them. Who of us, in the days of his childhood, has not heard of lucky and unlucky dreams? Who of us has not seen those, who pretend to have been forewarned of impending calamity, or whose friends have been admonished by dreams of their approaching dissolution? We can overlook things of this character in the unlettered Greeks and Romans, as well as the modern devotees of idolatrous worship, when we consider that superstitions of this kind were interwoven with every subject, which they attempted to investigate; but when we behold them in the professedly enlightened subjects of a free government and a christian nation, we know not whether with Democritus, to laugh at their egregious folly and sport with their vain hopes and fears, or exercise for them the pity of Heraclitus.

With the ancients, dreams held no insignificant station among those things, which augured good or portended evil, and they relied with confidence on those, which they experienced after midnight. But since these days of fabled Gods and Godlike heroes have passed away—since Æolus no longer curbs the raging winds in his mountain cave, or Neptune stretches his trident over the boisterous deep—since Enceladus has ceased to turn beneath the weight of Ætna, and Vulcan to work at his trade—since Diana has laid aside her quiver, (and for aught we know entered the married state,) and Mercury no longer sweeps the grand Olympian Saloon, makes up the beds of Gods and runs on errands; why linger among us any of their superstitions:—What reason is there in denying the reality of their deities or refusing to admit the augurial flights of birds and the nocturnal survey of the heavens, as true indices of the future, and yet believe that our prosperity, or adversity is indicated by the fitful vision of the night? Is it because dreams are fortuitous? Then have the deluded devotees of the Delphic Tripod obtained advocates among us, since the intoxicated Pythian sung what came suddenly to her mind, and her declarations, like the words of one under the influence the exhilarating gas, were entirely fortuitous. If dreams from their casualty are considered interpreters of the future, why may not every thing, which is beyond our control, be considered ominous: in short, why may we not adopt the superstitions of every age and country?

Though we believe, since the days of miracles have passed, that revelations of the future are not made from heaven to man, yet there is something in dreams, which we cannot comprehend. The more a person examines them, the more will he be enabled to account for them philosophically, though it is probable, that he could never fully satisfy his mind with regard to them. It is a fact, if historians are true, that many events in ancient days were previously made known to individuals by means of dreams; or, as I am inclined to think, their meditations with regard to the business, in which they were concerned, led them to dream some things, which actually took place. It was here that Calpurnia foresaw her imperial husband's death, and the evil genius of Brutus promised to meet him again at Phillippi. Instances frequently fall under our own observation of those, who pretend that some of their dreams "have come to pass," as they term it. We may laugh at their folly as we often do, yet this by no means satisfies them that dreams cannot be relied on, as prophetic. When we critically examine the subject, I apprehend most cases of this kind can be philosophically disposed of. From the cradle to the grave, the mind of man is never idle. Whether in the active duties of the day, or whether he has "laid the meddling senses all aside," whether in helpless infancy, the vigor of manhood, or the dotage of declining age, the soul is in constant employment. In the course of years, every thing that is imaginable flits across his brain, either in his waking or sleeping hours, and generally in both. It is very probable, that some of these are such as will actually take place. Especially if he have any favorite object, will his mind be employed about it, as probably that of Calpurnia was about Cæsar, since she was conscious of his usurpation and the dangers attending royalty, and her

fears led her to dream of his death, which actually took place, although she probably had had dreams before of a similar character. In like manner it is natural to suppose that Brutus, when he meditated upon his past misfortunes, and looked forward to the day, that was to decide his fate, conscious of the crime he had perpetrated, in the massacre of Cæsar, and possessed with fears for the issue, imagined he saw in his sleep a being, which he denominates his evil genius, portending future calamity.

How many of our dreams, which are of a common nature, are in part realised. For instance, we frequently dream of visiting our friends, and perhaps repeat this a hundred times in a year. We do indeed visit them, but never precisely as we had dreamed, though we seem to have done it, in every possible manner and under every possible circumstance. But how many events actually take place, which are not of so common occurrence? How many of those enormous flights, of which, some of us are peculiarly fond, when asleep, have we ever made in our waking hours? How many feats of valor have we performed on the field of battle—how many escapes have we made from the pursuing enemy—how many rich deposits of gold have we found? Who has not in such times performed feats of every kind—seen changes the most unparralleled—now a king and now a mendicant beggar—at one time, happy in conscious innocence, and at another, guilty of deeds of the basest turpitude and crimes of the blackest dye? Who has not often conversed with departed friends, or held conference with those, whom he will never see on earth? If reliance can be placed on the musings of the midnight hour, why do we never experience any of those uncommon events, or why have none of us ever found any thing, as our imagination presented it, when we were locked in the arms of sleep? Dreams appear, then, to be rather the consequences of past, anticipated, or imaginary events, than ominous of the events themselves. They are affections of the mind, which we cannot command, and act, when man is unconscious of his existence. Of this fact, the case of Rachel Baker, or the sleeping preacher, is a remarkable proof.

Vague and indeterminate, as are our sleeping meditations—as unworthy of reliance and perhaps of notice, they are still interesting and appear to answer some benevolent purpose.—They are sometimes unpleasant in the extreme, when, (if Dr. Franklin be correct,) proper care of the body has not been taken, yet, even then, they are replete with interest. Like the untiring eagle we pass from realm to realm, and conquer distance in our unwearied flight.—Sometimes we walk the barren heath, or tread the lonely desert, and again mingle with the din and bustle of the city, or experience the enjoyment of felicitous retirement. Sometimes we awake with agitation from the perpetration of crime, and endeavor to convince ourselves that the horrid deeds, of which we suppose ourselves guilty, are but the fitful musings of a bewildered imagination. Now we are decked with royal robes and crowned with wreaths of honor, again perplexity and misfortune render life a burden. We experience losses of property and friends, fall from fearful heights, or what is no less disagreeable and far more embarrassing, appear *half dressed* in company and are unable to find concealment, though we "seek it carefully" with shame. What excesses of glory and disgrace attend the sleeper—into what unimaginable shapes, does he change—what conquests in love—what feats of amorous chivalry does he perform—what scenes of midnight conflagration does he witness—what victims of debauchery and crime does he meet—what combats with monstrous serpents—what scenes of revelry and riot does he experience! However disgusting and appalling some of these may be, there is still a pleasure in awaking and calling them dreams, But there are other scenes, which, could we command our minds when asleep, we would prolong till exhausted nature required sustenance, and then like some others, who are not gratified with many such nocturnal visions, *eat and sleep again.* Not unfrequently do we cherish feelings of momentary and unreasonable dissatisfaction, because the bustle of the morning has broken the delightful charm, and torn us from the sweetest enjoyments of imaginary friendship. Thus, in accordance with the changing business of the day, night has its pleasures and its pains, and those things which deeply interest us, prove but dreams. In short, life itself is but a sleeping revery and its various events, when retrospectively viewed, appear rather the recollections of the dreamer, than scenes of reality.

MENON.

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## To the Shade of Napoleon.

I.

Rouse thee, great spirit, from thy iron sleep:
Hail to thee, mighty shade! awake! arise!
Lo to the dread outcry of the chafed deep,
And flame-fring'd whirlwinds, in their wrathful sweep
Shout to thee tempest-voic'd: and in the skies,
That blacken pall-like o'er thy island grave,
The madd'ning storm unsheathes his light'ning glaiv
And summons thee to rise.

II.

Arise! arise!—for hark! the "earthquake voice
Of stirred up millions; ravening ruins glee;
And startled nations' larums; and the noise
Of battle—want thy spirit to rejoice;

Deep rushing from the abyss of years to be
The echoing sigh of days far fled,
Wak'd from the red shrouds of the mighty dead,
Boom to thee o'er the sea.

III.

Arise! arise! shake off thy leaden shroud—
Start from dark destruction's clutch: asunder
Burst the chain of ruin; thine own thunder
Grasp and wield. Dread night! and ye dark crowds
Of spectre monarchs, hear! ye dismal clouds
Of crowned shadows from the world beneath
Yield up your king; and thou grim tyrant, Death!
Give back thy thrall, the proud.

IV.

In vain, in vain—nor shout, nor prayer can break
The marble slumbers of thy sleepers, Death!
Nor fame, nor rule have power or charm to wake
From dark oblivion; or the free soul take
Prisoner again; or to life's ways the fleeting breath
Recall; or more, within that quenched eye
Relume the eagle gleam of victory,
Or flash of scornful wrath.

V.

And is it so, thou lone and fearful one?
All moveless, passionless and silent! Art
Thou, too, conquered—thou, too, in darkness gone,
And on that brow where empire held her throne
Broods drear decay? Around thy mighty heart
The blood is cold; and from the upper sky
Thy star has sunk in blackness, and for aye
To sunless Hades down.

H.

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*"Every person makes his own stature, builds himself."*

If it be true what we may naturally understand from these words, that every person at his first setting out in life, lays his own foundation for usefulness, and as he proceeds in the course of life, forms those habits and establishes those principles which shall in after life make him a blessing or a curse to society;—it is to be considered of the highest importance, that those who wish to render the world better for their having lived in it, should first shun those habits which are said to drown men in perdition—avoid those principles which are abhorrent from the rules of justice, equity and truth,—and next, to establish those which shall grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, and which shall lead the mind on to the attainment of those noble objects, which shall not only be a source of consolation to themselves, but shall also make them useful to their fellow men.—Many are disposed to believe that the fact of their having descended from worthy ancestors, is sufficient reason why they should be honored, loved and respected; yet they forget that "every person is to make his own stature, build himself;" and while they are anxiously looking for affluence and prosperity, behold sudden destruction, in the name of Poverty, cometh upon them, and they are reduced to that sphere to which they properly belong. Then those high hopes, those lofty expectations of future greatness, which served to invigorate them in their youthful days, are blasted by disappointment, and like the leaves of Autumn never resume their freshness and their verdure. And why? The reason is very obvious. Because seed-time, which is youth, is past and gone. No principle formed on which to act; no object in view; and if the seed is now sown, there is doubt whether it will ever arrive at maturity.

When we turn over the pages of history we see that all those who have rendered their names immortal; and even those who have arrived at any degree of eminence, have effected it chiefly by their own exertions. Although the government of kingdoms and powerful empires has descended in regular succession from father to son: Yet we see that those entrusted have been more or less esteemed, according as they have exerted themselves for the protection of their rights, and endeavored to render the state of those under their care pleasant and agreeable.

Why is the name of Columbus, Washington, Alexander, Buonaparte, Demosthenes and Cicero so often repeated? Is it because they descended from renowned ancestors? Or have they merited this reverence solely by the desires they have shown the world, for promoting its prosperity; and the labors they have undergone in effecting this object. And we even see at the present day that those who wish to soar to any degree of eminence are dependent upon their own exertions, whether they arrive at, or come short of the object of their desires. We have seen *many* perhaps of our own acquaintance raised to eminence; *others* sunk in obscurity. And are we at all at a loss what cause to assign for the amazing difference?—Can we not trace them back, even to the days of boyhood, and there see that different plans were laid, and different means employed; and while the motto of the one was—"onward"—that of the other was—"another day will do as well"—and thus one day rolls away, and brings another to its aid, till at length he is inclined to change his motto, and it then becomes—"I am too old"—and soon his youth is followed by manhood, and manhood by old age, and no time left for the improvement of those talents, which if rightly employed in season, might have opened the highway to a seat in Congress or to the chair of State. And as some contend that all are born with the same natural talent, (allowing a few exceptions to the general rule,) it must of course then be granted, that the different degrees of honor conferred on mankind, are wholly owing to the improvement they make of those talents. The question will then arise, "how is a person to make himself?" That is, to gain a high standing among his fellow men, and to render himself useful to society. As the celebrated Pollock expresses himself, "many the plans they tried, the roads they took." The

paths pursued are nearly as numerous as there are individuals to pursue them. One becomes lavish of his property, and he consoles himself by saying, that "although I do not enjoy the comfort which might arise from it, yet another will, and thus I shall be considered as rendering a favor to society which I consider to be a part of my duty." Again you see others take a very different course, regardless of benefitting their fellow men, they have inscribed in glowing capitals upon the lid of their coffers;

"Defende quam habes, Collige quam potes."

## The Thunder Storm.

*"The voice of God in dreadful thunder speaks."*

The day was still—the sky grew dark and drear,
When from the mountain's misty top
With threatening look a fearful cloud arose,
And with majesty sublime o'ershadow'd
Hill and dale with black and fearful darkness.
Sudden the tempest rose, and more sudden
The roaring wind proclaimed the angry storm,
Quick from the bulky cloud which slow moved
Along the "vaulted arch of heav'n," the rain
In torrents on the plain resistless pours.
Then peal upon peal, re-echoing loud
The thunder roll'd. Like conflicting armies
Slow forming in the horrid ranks of war,
They array'd in heaven's artillery
Make explosions loud, fearful and sublime!
At each cessation—from the darkened sky
The vivid lightning flashes—and then quick
Succeeds the report of electric fire.
All nature trembles—beasts affrighted stand,
And man shrouded with fear, astonish'd sees,
And from the spot where for ages it stood
In bold defiance, with fury hurl'd.
Nor less the lofty pine, whose foliage
Through the year presents one unvaried green,
And beneath whose never-varying shade
Man and beast repose, is rent and laid low.
An idle spectator, man fearful stands
And o'er his pale visage ghastly terror
Sits enthroned and mocks his anxious fear.
As nations by discord and faction rent
'Gainst each other their hostile weapons hurl;
So the heavens separated by shocks
That mock the powers of imitation
To create—meet with unearthly violence.

Around the mountain's venerable top
More fearful still the dreadful thunder roll'd—
And from hill to hill, with sound responsive,
Echo'd back the murmuring voice. The lightning
Flash'd in fearful streaks, bidding defiance
To the painter's quick thought and mimic skill.

Around an aged sire, a youthful band
Sat in mute astonishment, listening
To the relation of frightful stories.
Awake to every fear and every sound
That dares penetrate the awful silence:
Mute, they await the slow returning calm.
The retiring clouds drive away their terrors—
The sun brings back their cheerfulness,
And animated nature rejoices.
How changed the scene from fearful darkness
To bright and glittering scenes of pleasure!
Their hearts no longer bound with chilly fear
Assume their wonted buoyancy, and all
Is changed from slavish fear to merriment.

ALONZO.

## The Demagogue.

GALLERY CHARACTER, NO. III.

To be ambitious of power, without abilities to direct its application; and desirous of fame without the stability and greatness of mind which only can endure it: is a character too common to be peculiar to any age or country; a character which has always been most pernicious to the community, and destructive to the institutions of the government, however excellent, in which its influence is exerted. We need not turn to the histories of other nations for examples; from that of our own too many can be drawn. Enlightened as we proudly and incessantly proclaim ourselves to be, political demagogues assuming the garb and language of patriots, have too often enlisted in their favor, the feelings of the multitude and caused political convulsions which have shook the strongest pillars of our government. We can even now point to the disgraceful page, where the father of his country is calumniated as a villain and a traitor, nor are those incendiary letters yet forgotten which were written for the avowed purpose of turning the arms of the soldiers of the revolution against the country for which they had so long fought, so often bled, at the very moment that the object of their toils was attained; the most critical moment, in all human probability, of our national existence.

The following detail of incidents will illustrate the character of one man of this class—perhaps of more than one. The person to whom I allude, had distinguished himself in no small degree among a certain class of politicians, by the independent spirit which he displayed in passing his opinions upon public men and public transactions. Upon these he was in the habit of declaiming, with a voice as loud, if not with eloquence as convincing, as that of Demosthenes himself. Nor could the effect which his unstudied and unlearned harangues invariably produced in the minds of his auditors, have been surpassed, or even equalled, by the proudest productions of the "Prince of Orators." But he longed to exhibit his powers on a wider stage—to represent his fellow citizens in the national councils; and in order to attain this object, he suffered no false modesty to deter him from publishing to the country, his merits in general, and his qualifications for that office in particular. Long and loud were his addresses to the "Free and independent Voters," good men were vilified, the sanctuary of private confidence was outraged, men whose only object had always been their country's good, were stigmatized as their country's enemies, and the "sovereign people" were deluded into the belief

that their dearest interests were staked on the results of the election. Suffice it to say, he was elected, performed the duties of his station as every reflecting man expected he would perform them, and passed off the theatre of public life, remembered only to be despised. D.

## To the Departed.

Sleep on! we would not call you back to buffet the tempests of a troubled sea. Sleep on! for with you lie buried the highest, and brighest, and fondest hopes of our youthful days. Sleep on!—the bustle of a busy world may move around you, but you shall heed it not. Though your house be narrow, and your couch the coldness of the ground, and your companions the worm, your rest shall be sweet, and your sleep unbroken till the judgment day. We, your friends, shall lie down by your side, but you shall heed us not, till we rise together.—*Obs. No.* 12.

Sleep on—sleep on! ye death-pillowed ones,
Your bodies are clay-like cold,
Your breathing has passed as the breath of morn,
Your life—a tale that is told.

Sleep on—we would not disturb your rest,
Nor beckon you back to earth—
A holiness hangs o'er your pillow of dust—
Your death is a glorious birth.

Sleep on—sleep on—tho' the world should tread
O'er your hallowed buried spot,
As they pass away, the voice of their joy
And gladness shall move you not.

Sleep on—ere long we shall lie us down
To rest with your dreaming clay—
Ye shall heed us not till the glorious morn
Of the great death-conquering day.

Sleep on—sleep on—in your sepulchre,
The joys of our youthful days
Lie buried deep, and our brightest hope
With the forms we loved, decays.

Sleep on—though narrow and cold your couch
And the worm your foul compeer,
Your rest is unbroken and sweet your sleep
Till the judgment hour is near.

HARP OF HORICON.

## Reminiscences.

"The first prayer bell has rung!" Shouted my ancient chum, which started me from a long soothing sleep,—the first prayer bell? re-echoed I, almost unconsciously, as the sound of the bell fell gratingly on my ear. I sprung from the bed in amazement, and went to the window which fronts the east, and also the college from whose ricketty cupola proceeded those sounds so unwelcome, and to me so ill-timed. It was a dark December morning, and the appearance of the weather without well corresponded with my feelings. A small circumscribed streak of light gave evidence of the approach of day, though strongly contrasted with the dark and heavy clouds which surrounded it, threatening by their lowering and gloomy aspect to extinguish the small portion of day which was apparent. A deep snow had fallen during the preceding night, and was as yet pure and untrodden, save by the hasty steps of a few freshmen, whose zeal and ardor in the pursuit of knowledge had induced them thus early to tempt the untrodden path which leads to the other college building.

I then thought of poets who liken to snow the virgin breast. "Fudge," says one, "that 's a trite figure, often employed by them when addressing the objects of their affection, or rather the fair sex in general, for if you pay a compliment to one, the whole tribe assume it to themselves." Granted, I would retort,—the figure ought to be explained, and the able expositor merits as much praise as the original projector of the figure. Who would desire to see any resemblance to snow in the winter? In summer I allow it appears refreshing, but how much better to say in winter, "breasts glowing with the gushing tide of life," which conveys the idea of warmth and beauty, and causes us to forget the inclemencies of the weather, as our minds revel in the imaginary sunbeams of an autumnal moon.

Absorbed in these reflections, I stood gazing listlessly at the surrounding scenery, but the cold wind entering at that moment through a shattered pane of glass to which I was opposite, recalled my wandering thoughts, and I returned to my bed prepared to enjoy with greater zest the few minutes which would elapse before the second summons of the bell.

I had lain but a few minntes when I was again disturbed by the hoarse voice of my chum, enquiring for the wash-basin.—It is broken, replied I, rather pettishly. "Then I 'll wash in the bucket," said he—and no sooner was it said than done, for he immediately dashed his ill-favored visage into the vessel of water, on whose surface the dust of a college atmosphere had for days been quietly settling, and he commenced a series of scrubbing operations, which in college are rather short, and I must with pain add, somewhat superficial. Whilst beholding this interesting though not novel occurrence, I recurred to the scenes of the boarding school, and childhood's past hours, and the habits which our instructors and instructresses endeavored to impress by external applications both of the rod and scrubbing brush, in which departments they are generally well calculated to excel, though the execution of the more mas-

culine part depended on those who were best fitted by nature to display corporeal powers; yet the other sex were not deficient in the duties of their sphere, ar it regards manual dexterity and perseverance. I considered them both in the light of punishments, though the rod was more severe, yet the brush was more effectual,—the one was applied as a remedy for impurities of the body, the other of the mind. How I have envied in my heart the tatterdemallions as they paraded the streets—their lovely countenances peering with joy and satisfaction from the cakes of dirt which almost incrusted their noble forms, looking on with jealousy, fearing to participate in their sports; and if a desire of commingling in their pleasures entered my mind, it was quickly repressed, for I instinctively reverted to the horrid paraphernalia of the washing-room, the recollectien of which immediately damped my rising ambition, and I turned away, whilst the rising tears gave vent to my disordered feelings. G.

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Some parts of the above article evidently allude to one of our editorial trio, and he, therefore, considers himself fully justified in making a few comments thereon, merely to give a fair understanding of the case, and not to vindicate himself, or impeach his much respected and very *ancient chum*. The fact which his roommate asserts, of getting up soon after the first bell rung, is more than the writer of this can vouch for from personal knowledge, (it will be no hard matter for the reader to guess from whence the inability proceeded) but as to there being a shattered pane in the window, that he can vouch for fearlessly and conscientiously. There is another point, however, which he finds difficult to get over, and that is, how his roommate happened to stand at the window whilst all the poetical ideas recorded above passed through his mind, without finding out that he was standing opposite to the aforementioned "shattered pane of glass."—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than thy philosophy or mine ever dreampt of," says Shakspeare. It may be the fact that he did stand there long enough, but really it is a fact of which I never did and probably never shall dream.

P. S. It is a rank libel to say there was any dust in the bucket. Who ever raised the dust? There are but two ways of doing it, viz. making the bed and sweeping the room—who ever did either?

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Joy to the soldier when the strife is o'er—
Joy to the sailor when his native shore
Bursts on his view:—but joy all undiminished
To the poor editor, whose paper 's finished.

## To the Memory of a Friend.

Thine earthly joys are past—thy pleasures o'er,
And who can then thy ~~earthly~~ state explore?
Can frail mortality ascend the sky
And view the land where spirits never die?

Shall this a mystery the while remain.
That we sojourn upon this joyless plain?
Or shall we then a miracle unfold
The fate of that which never yet was told?

"Oh no; 'tis not for mortal here below
"The dread uncertainties of fate to know.
"Time only, can the mystery reveal—
"The bliss, or wo immortal spirits feel."

Oh, tell me! art thou dead, or dost thou sleep?
Or through eternity thy vigils keep?
Alas! methinks I hear thee speak and say,
"'Tis thine to know upon the judgment day!"

Where are the sports that youthful pleasures knew?
Where are the days that from ambition flew?
Gone to the tomb—to dark oblivion gone!
Gone to the tomb? and echo answered, gone!

But will these pleasures never come again?
Wilt thou no more behold the haunts of men?
And shall the green and flow'ry fields no more
For thee their joy, their loveliness restore?

Ah, no—for they have now no loveliness—
To thee or thine they bring no happiness;
But all a gloomy blank shall seem to thee,
Through endless ages, or eternity. ALONZO.

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"They trust the lingering gleam of their departed years
"To oral records and the silent heart."

THAT ambition is surely misdirected which makes applause the standard of excellence, and a wide spread fame the test of character.—There is something alluring to every man in the idea of leaving behind him a name that nations will join to perpetuate, and every one naturally recoils from the thought, that himself and his memory will perish together. But it may well be questioned whether a series of actions however splendid, which have been performed before the *gaze* of thousands confers upon the character which remains when the man is gone, a more enviable distinction, than an unpretending but really estimable course of life, though spent in such seclusion as to be known and appreciated only by a few.

For though it is true, that in the applause of the multitude, there is much to gratify many feelings inherent in the human mind, yet it is not equally certain that the holiest feelings of our nature are included in the number. We naturally cling to some in preference to others as friends and confidants, and to be alone in the world, without a single companion to whom we can unbosom ourselves in the hour of despondency and find relief in sympathy, is a condition revolting to all who have not blunted the most amiable feelings of the soul. Amidst the crowds who are ever ready to eulogize the virtues of

the illustrious dead, it would be hard to find one who cherishes his memory from real friendship, or an attachment founded upon that solid esteem which originates in something widely different from the deeds which meet the public eye. Thus they "who trust the lingering gleam of their departed lives" to the enthusiastic admiration of a nation, may indeed hear in their departing moments a nation's voice decreeing them honors and distinctions and at the same time leave but few, who in their loss feel a single tie severed that binds them to existence. Real worth is confined to no rank or station. It is as often found in the peasant as in the prince, and when such an one departs, his memory will be cherished. If it is only by a few the *manner* will more than atone for the want of numbers. Not that they will emblazon his character to the public view, but that he will share their feelings in that deep sabbath of the soul which consecrates every object that mingled in its worship.

If, then, the praise of the great and distinguished is sounded louder and heard farther than that of some who we know are deplored not with the semblance but with the reality of grief; and who, tho' they moved in a narrow sphere, have left none to fill their place—we cannot conclude that the real weight of feeling would favor the former rather than the latter. Who would not rather be remembered to be mourned than to be admired? And does not the honor of the great consist more in the wonder they elicit, than in deep-toned feeling? It is theirs to be held up to the emulation of their survivors, not in their own native beauty of character, but arrayed in innumerable imaginary virtues, and to be made the theme of fulsome panegyric and unmeaning declamation. But to be remembered as the father of the orphan and the friend of the widow—to have his name pronounced with gratitude by the sons of want and woe, who have been rescued from distress and misery by him, and to have his parting spirit accompanied to another world by the prayers and blessings of those from whom he has averted impending sorrows, is the lot of him, the lingering gleam of whose departed life trusted to oral record and the silent heart, though not so glaring—yet is not less grateful and beautiful than that of the great.

D.

## Items of News.

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says:—Washington Irving published his life of Columbus, History of Grenada, and Abridgment of the Life of Columbus, within the period of 18 months and received for the copy rights $38,000. We presume no other American ever received so large a sum for his literary labors in the same short space of time, though we have understood that Cooper's last Novels have produced him about $18,000 each.

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The foreign news by the last arrival, is of thrilling interest. The immense columns of Russian troops sat down in the vicinity of Warsaw, about the middle of Feb. since which time there have been repeated sanguinary conflicts between them and the patriot Poles. In the first three or four days fighting, the Poles had the advantage; killing and wounding above 15,000 of the enemy; but their own loss was heavy—about 5000. The latest news is, (what might have been expected,) that after displays of valor well worthy of the countrymen of Kosciusko, the Poles have been driven, by overwhelming force, into Warsaw; which must, probably, fall. But the lion bearing of the Polish soldiery, gives abundant assurance that their capital will yet cost the oppressor the blood of some thousands. We believe mighty revolutions are just beginning in Europe; but without aid from him who has declared that He will ultimately avenge the oppressed, most of those who attempting to regain their freedom, will have to bow for a season to the yoke of tyranny.

In France, things are not altogether settled; though it appears that the administration of Louis Philip is considerably popular. The unwelcome news from Warsaw produced great tumults in Paris; and almost any plausible pretext would, we think, be seized upon, to send a hundred thousand Frenchmen—boiling with a kind of republican rage and frenzy—to the assistance of distressed Poland.

There is much and portentous commotion over almost the whole of Europe; and it seems as though the tremendous scenes which many believe are to precede years of universal and glorious peace, were indeed at hand.

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On the 17th Feb. the crown of Belgium was formally presented to King Phillip I. of France for his son, the Duke of Nemours. The honor was refused and the King delivered an able and patriotic speech on the occasion.

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Isaiah Thomas, "the patriarch of American printers," died at Worcester, Massachusetts, April 4th, aged 82.

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